

self went to Manchester, and next morning we started by railway to spend a day or two amidst the celebrated lake scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Ireland boasts, (and it is well she has even that to boast of), her Lakes of Killarney. The mighty Highlands of Scotland are renowned in story. In England, "the Lakes" are

country whose lakes are inland seas—to learn that Windermere, the largest of the English lakes, is only eleven miles long and one mile wide. Most of the others are much smaller—some no larger than a pond in a gentleman's park. The whole extent of the English Switzerland is perhaps 35 miles by 25. Even of this little Switzerland, I visited only a small portion, though I saw a good deal of it, as Moses saw the promised land, far off, from a mountain top. I ascended two mountains; Helvellyn, celebrated in the poetry of Scott; and Fairfield, which rises immediately behind Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth. The former of these is 3,055 feet, the latter 2,950 feet above the sea. The highest of the Cumberland hills, Scafell Pike, is 3,160 feet high. These elevations are not very imposing, yet the outlines of many of the mountains are so rugged, picturesque, and alpine, and the surface of the intervening country so charmingly interspersed with lakes, rugged gorges, cultivated valleys, wooded and pasture lands, that nothing can be more delightful. The whole surface is so diversified by the hand of nature, or the industry of man, that the eye is never unrelieved by something pleasant to rest upon. I would gladly describe the comfort and plenty that adorn this mountain scenery, and the aspect of independence, self-respect and honesty that distinguish the inhabitants. I saw help continually and painfully contrasting all I saw with the state of things in poor Ireland. The population is by no means dense—indeed, it is rather thinly scattered; yet all the land that is not occupied by mountain or pasture, is carefully cultivated, the fences in good repair, the dwellings commodious, and furnished with all the appliances of civilization. The people are well-fed, and well-clad in whole clothes. I saw but one ragged, bare-footed woman, and she was an Irish peasant. An Irish cabin is frequently a hut of turf sods, or loose stones, badly roofed with miserable thatch, through which the sky can be seen in twenty places. During my journey in the West of Ireland last Summer, I entered many such miserable abodes. In one of these—which was precisely three times the length of my umbrella, and the same in width—a mother and three meagre children sat round a wretched turf fire, and on the door of the hut, which had been removed from its hinges for the purpose, lay the father of the family, who had died of starvation, or of disease induced by want of food. There could be no greater contrast than was presented by my visit to the English Lakes, and my late tour through the wild, dreary, uncultivated, yet populous moorlands of Erris, in the County of Mayo.

The little wayside inns in Westmoreland and Cumberland are wonderful for their completeness, snugness, and neatness. Everything is beautifully clean—every article glitters that can be made to shine. There is abundance of all that is good and nice, and the attendance is prompt and clean.

I lately observed to you, that although I take a keen pleasure in beautiful and romantic scenery, I would rather see the poet Wordsworth than all his lakes and mountains. I little anticipated that my wish would soon be gratified. When I decided to visit this district, I wrote to a literary friend in England, who kindly and promptly provided me with a letter of introduction, which made my way very easy. It represented me as being familiar with the state of Ireland under its recent severe affliction; I had thus something to talk of, and in consequence of the venerable poet's desire for information on this subject, the interview was much longer than I anticipated. He is a remarkably fine old man. Though in his 78th year, he walks with the apparent firmness and strength of a man of 40. He remarked that he does not feel his years pass heavily upon him. His forehead is bald and his hair is grey, but there is no other indication of his very advanced age. He appears to enjoy as keenly as ever the charming scenery amidst which he resides, and which is identified with his fame. His house is a modest structure, two stories high, partaking more of the cottage than the gentleman's seat, and situated in one of the most delightful situations you can imagine. It is perched on a hill-side, embosomed in verdure, with hills enclosing it on every side except towards the South, where Lake Windermere extends in all its placid and sylvan beauty.

I cannot express to you how gratified I was by conversing, in such a place, with one whose name is as completely identified with our language as that of any writer of former days. From my childhood I have delighted in some of his effusions, and the older I grow, the more keenly I can appreciate others of his writings. The contemplative, peaceful, quiet beauty which breathes through much of his writing, enchains the affections in the long run more surely than the stormy and passionate effusions that charm the youthful imagination. I am by no means an indiscriminate admirer of all Wordsworth's poetry. I have no sympathy with his anti-railway sonnets, or with those he has written in defence of capital punishments. But I try to forget these, and when I remember "Laodamia," "We are Seven," "The Highland Girl," "Lucy," "The Excursion," "Tintern Abbey," and "The Cumberland Beggar," I congratulate myself that I have walked and talked with the writer of such strains.

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In front of the house is a green, grassy mound, from whence you have most enchanting prospect. The garden is of the old-fashioned kind, country-like, and without pretension. One of the walks is sentinelled on each side by a row of hollyhocks of the most varied hues. The whole air of the poet's residence, grounds and garden, was greatly to my liking. There was no pretension—no affectation; there was something pleasant, rural, and old-fashioned, about them, that quite took my fancy. You will perhaps think that I was inclined to be pleased—which is true.

Just below the house is Rydal Chapel, as a little Episcopal Church, or "meeting-house," is called. Places of worship, in England, which are not parish churches, are generally called chapels, whether they belong to the favoured folk to the dissenters. In this little chapel Wordsworth is a regular attendant, and many visitors, who are unable to gain admission to the poet, attend here on Sunday morning, that they may at least see him at his devotions. I lead guilty to this sacrilege. Before I received the letter of introduction from London, I went to the chapel, from no better motive than thousands have gone there before me. It is a pretty building, tastefully and not gorgeously ornamented, and the windows are furnished with coloured glass, through which the sun pours down tinted beams upon the heads of the worshippers. It was built at the sole expense of Lady Letitia Believing, a wealthy lady in the neighbourhood. She is, I believe, the representative of an ancient and powerful family, who date from the Conquest.

Rydal Mount is nearly two miles from Ambleside, a beautiful village about half a mile from the borders of Windermere, and the chief resort of pilgrims to the Lakes. For the greater part, the houses are scattered among the trees on a hill-side, up and down, here and there, in the pleasantest way imaginable, with nothing of the formal air of a town. In its whole appearance it is the very antipodes of the squalor and misery of an Irish village. Imagine everything opposite to dirt, wretchedness, discomfort, and starvation, and you have a perfect picture of Ambleside. It was a Roman station, some time about 1800 years ago. A mountain, about seven miles from Ambleside, is still called High Street, from the traces of a Roman road which stretches for some distance along its side.

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Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE IDEAL.

(From the German of Schiller.)

So willst du treulos von mir scheiden, &c.

So wilt thou faithless from me part
With all thy glorious dreams as high,
With griefs and joys that filled the heart,
With all inexorably fly?
Can naught, sweet time, life's golden day,
Thy parting hour delay to me?
In vain!—thy waves still haste away
To that dark sea—eternity!

All quenched are now those sons serene
That beamed upon my pathway fair;
The ideal, with entrancing mien,
Are melted in the silent air;
'Tis gone, that sweet faith of a day,
In beings of those dreams of light—
To cold reality a prey
The godlike, beautiful, and bright.

As erst with warm and long embrace
Pygmalion clasped the lifeless stone,
Till in the marble's death-cold face
Deep feeling glowed to meet his own—
So twined I Nature in my arms
With young desire, and her caressed,
Till she began, with living charms,
To breathe upon my poet-breast.

And sharing thoughts that in me burned,
The silent found a language dear—
The kiss of love to me returned,
And every heart-tone passed to hear.
Then lived for me the tree, the rose—
With silver fall the fountain sang,
And e'en the soulless from repose
Awoke as round life's echo rang.

Then with almighty efforts spread
A restless soul the narrow breast—
In deed and word abroad to tread,
Panting for air in wild unrest.
How fair this world was fashioned ere
The hidden bud to burst was seen;
How little had unfolded there—
That little, oh! how poor and mean!

By bravest courage winged now,
O'erjoyed, in fancy's dreams at play,
Without a care to cloud his brow,
How sprang the youth upon life's way.
E'en to the palest star of air
Ambition bore him wild and free,
Naught was so high, nor far, nor fair,
But reached her wings its radiance!

To all how lightly was he borne—
To him what burden was too sore?
How danced life's light-veiled car at morn,
The airy convey still before!
Love with his guerdon sweet was there,
And Fortune with her garland bright,
And Fame with stately crown so fair,
And Truth in sunlike splendour white!

But, oh! upon life's middle way
That convey was seen to flee!
They faithless turned their steps away
And one by one were lost to me!
Light-footed Fortune heartless fled—
Unquenched the thirst for lore of youth—
And doubt's dark clouds their shadows shed
Around the sunny form of Truth.

I saw the holy crown of Fame
Defiled upon the common brow.
Ah! all too soon a fleeting name—
Vanished Love's time forever now!
And stiller grew, and yet more still,
The lonely and forsaken way,
And Hope scarce east, through clouds of ill,
Upon my path her palest ray.

Of all that gay and joyous train
Who lingered loving, ever near,
Consoling me, 'mid shadows vain,
Unto the gloomy house of Fear?
Thou, Friendship, with thy gentle hand,
Who healest every feverish wound,
Who sharest life's burdens—mild and bland—
Thou whom I early sought and found,

And thou who glad with her art wed,
While heavy storms are lowering there,
Dear Industry, unwearied,
Slow tolling yet destroying ne'er,
Who giv'st, 'tis time, life's work sublime
But bite for mite, 'mid gloom and tears,
Yet from the mighty debt of Time
Dost cancel minutes, days, and years.

H. W. G.

From the People's Journal.

THE LANDLORD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

What boot your houses and your lands?
In spite of close drawn deed and fence,
Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They soak into the graveyard's sands
And mock your ownership's pretence.

How shall you speak to urge your right,
Choked with that soil for which you lust?
The bit of grass, for whose delight
You grasp, is mortgaged too: Death might
Foreclose, this very day, in dust.

Fence as you will, this plain poor man,
Whose only fields are in his wit,
Who shapes the world, as best he can,
According to God's highest plan,
Owns you and fences as he fits.

Though yours the rent, his incomes wax
By right of eminent domain;
From factory tall to woodland's axe,
All things on earth must pay their tax
To feed his hungry heart and brain.

He takes you from your easy chair,
And what he plans, that you must do:
You sleep in down, eat dainty fare,
He mounds his crazy garret-stair
And starves, the landlord over you.

Feeding the clouds your idlesse drains,
You make more green six feet of soil;
His deathless word, like sons and rains,
Partakes the seasons' bounteous pains,
And toils to lighten human toil.

Shrink lands, with force or cunning got,
Yield to the measure of the grave:
But Death himself abridges not
The tenors of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hogged by the old,
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad, a thousand fold.—T. Hood.

Miscellany.

From the People's Journal.

A VISIT TO THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE, ST. GILES'S.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

The opening of the model lodging-house recently erected by the Labourer's Friend Society, in George Street, St. Giles, has excited the most agreeable evidence of the progress the principles of economy and co-operation are so rapidly making in social economy. We have lived, in fact, to see a club-house erected for the poorest portion of the community. A noble building, replete with every improvement which science has made in domestic architecture, placed in the midst of the lowest neighbourhood in Europe, and offering its comforts and even elegancies at a price which the commonest lodging-houses can scarcely rival.

The street in which the model lodging-house is situated, is one of those wretched thoroughfares lately discovered in all their squalid wretchedness by the opening of the neighbourhood caused by the building of New Oxford Street. The influence of light and air, as is always the case, has in a measure shamed some of its tenements into a coat or two of whitewash, and houses which before did not know how dirty they were, are gradually putting on a decent appearance. Still, the miserable rags hanging out of every other window, the swarms of vicious-looking young women seen sitting down on the edges of the pavement, or standing at the doorways, show the general depravity of the neighbourhood. In the middle of this street rises the facade of the model lodging-house, remarkable for nothing but the substantial manner in which it is built, and the space and light indicated in the interior by its numerous windows and imposing size. Upon entering the house, the first thing that meets our eye is the counting-house, if we might so call it, of the master or superintendent of the house—a little room, through the window of which he does business with his lodgers, as the check-takers do at the theatre. On one side of the room we perceive it is fitted up with bookshelves, to hold the future library of the establishment; and on the other side a vast number of keys are ranged, each key being a number by which to distinguish it. Of these keys there are one hundred and five, the number of lodgers the house accommodates; and each lodger, upon paying his week's rent, two and fourpence (demanded in advance), is entitled to one of these keys, which secure his bed-room, and to the full use of all the conveniences of the establishment for the time specified. To descend the adjacent staircase of the house let us begin with the basement.

The first room we enter is a spacious kitchen, fitted with an excellent stove range, hot water fountain, &c. and a series of stewing fires, such as only the largest establishments generally contain. A large dresser and a central table complete the furniture of the room, which is used in common by the lodgers who wish to cook their own food—a good fire always burning for the accommodation. The next room leading out of the kitchen we perceive shelves loaded with all kinds of crockery—plates, cups, and saucers being provided for the inmates. In the wash-house, also on this floor, are apparatus for supplying water to the whole house, and hot water to the entire basement. On one side of the room are the washing tubs, and on the other wash basins for the inmates. A drying closet is close at hand, and also the bath room, with a supply of hot and cold water. And next to the bathroom, if we peep into a little nook, we see the mouth of the ventilating shaft, which passes up through the centre of the house, and communicates its hot and cold blasts, as required, to every chamber—a revolving fan being the machinery used to force the air upwards. We must not forget to pay a visit to another singular room, which we must not omit to mention, and that is called the rabbit-hutch room, so named from its being fitted up with cages of meat safes, each one about a foot wide by about eighteen inches high, with perforated zinc front, and lock and key. If we cast our eyes along the numbers painted over the doors, we find there are a hundred and five of them; a safe for each lodger to keep his valuables in. As we pass up stairs, it must be observed, that the ceilings are all arched, and that the staircase is fireproof. Be sure the insurance on such a building is but low. On the ground floor the chief apartment is the coffee room as it is called, otherwise the general sitting room. It is fitted up like a respectable coffee room, with high benches and long narrow tables, made of beech stained like dark oak, and proportionately high. A large fire is always kept burning in it, and it wears an air of comfort to be found in few private sitting rooms; and here the lodgers, after cooking their dinners below, bring them up to dine.

The next flight of stairs brings us to the two large rooms, the size of the entire house, partitioned off into bed-rooms. Each partitioned space is lighted by a window, and is just large enough to contain a French bed, a box for clothes, and a little table beside them. These apartments are in fact boxes, open at the top for the sake of ventilation. There are four floors fitted up precisely in the same manner, and on each floor is a room furnished with zinc wash-hand stands, and a plentiful supply of water from the main. Water-closets are also distributed on the different floors, and the whole is lighted by gas. Such are the accommodations which, by means of association can be offered for (fourpence a night)—soap, and two towels included—for any individual who chooses to apply for them. And now, a word or two about the class of inmates who seek the comforts of the new model lodging-house. On our entering the coffee-room, we were not a little surprised to find several individuals of most respectable appearance. One who had been a gentleman was eating his dinner, another was reading a newspaper, and as we approached, feeling, perhaps, that with the place, he was being made a show of, he gave the paper a shake, and hemmed in a manner to show his perfect independence. There was something in the action which made us ashamed almost of our intrusion. The general appearance of the inmates, notwithstanding, was such as to lead us to remark, that the general superintendent of the society's lodgings, Mr. Morrison, that we feared a class of individuals were availing themselves of the accommodations who could afford to go elsewhere. His answer revealed, however, that it was not so—that many of the individuals who lodged in the house, after paying their rent, had scarcely a farthing left in the world; and that respectability of which we had seen always the last feature which those who had been seen better days struggled to maintain. He admitted the fact, however, that a much better class of lodgers frequented this model house than is to be found at Charles Street, the first establishment opened by the society, and which, as a study of the working of the new system is much more interesting than the model house, which, from having been opened so short a time, is scarcely yet in working order. The Charles Street lodging-house is much less complete as an establishment than the model house, of course; having been originally three old houses, and only adapted to the required purpose: the charge is less by fourpence a week also; but in respect of cleanliness it is faultless, and the arrangements are as near those of the new house as the nature of the old building would allow of. Eighty persons are accommodated here, and it has been tall almost from the first week it was opened. An establishment of the common sitting-room affords a picture most interesting to the social economist; every grade of society, from the ruined gentleman to the costermonger, and the street-performer, are to be found living harmoniously together. In one corner of the coffee-room you will see an artist painting pictures which he pawns for his livelihood; in another, a street pedlar is arranging his goods for the day's tramp; in a third, a more quiet, gentlemanly-looking man is reading one of the library books, of which there are, we hear, four hundred and fifty volumes. As might have been expected, the tone of the more respectable portion of the lodgers exercises a most beneficial influence over the others, elevating them after a time to his own standard. As an instance of this, we were told that, at his first entrance, the costermonger astonished the coffee-room by his slang and bad language. The better class inmates at once "sent him to Coventry;" and this moral punishment had such an effect, that he gradually left off his oaths and curses, and one morning remarked to Mr. Morrison, "that he did not know how it was, but that he never wished to make use of bad language any more." Having a desire to learn, some of the inmates taught him to read and write; and at this present moment he cannot be restrained from writing and cyphering over the walls, whenever he has an opportunity of exercising his skill. His new found education has disgusted him with costermongering; and who knows but that he might turn out somebody yet. Some of the more intelligent inmates lecture to the others on anatomy and

science generally; and so happy are many of them, that they declare that before they entered the door of the lodging-house, they never knew what it was to have a home, and one old gentleman remarked to the superintendent, that "he should remain there until he was carried out." The fact of so many of the middle and upper classes being reduced to enter the model lodging-house, is a melancholy irony of fate; but so it is. In social life, the superior might often be so found hidden and jumbled beneath an inferior strata.

Let us return, after this short digression, to the model lodging-house again. One of its most interesting features is to see the lodgers cooking their meals; and we were curious enough to make inquiries what the cost and nature of such meals, and learned that the breakfast was generally as follows:

Cocoa	1	d.
Milk	1	0-1
Sugar	1	0-2
Bread	1	0-1
Butter	1	0-2

Whilst for dinner the favourite butcher's meat was what the lodgers call "a bloker," or the trimmings of meat. Thus, it was—

A Bloker	1	d.
Onions and Potatoes	1	0-1

These ingredients properly stewed make a dish to set before a King. A herring sometimes does duty instead of meat, and at others the feast is more modest: beer and porter are allowed, but spirits are interdicted. Cards, it would appear, are ranged with spirits in the sliding scale of superfluities, as they are not allowed, whilst backgammon, chess, and draughts, come in free with the beer. "Men must have some amusement," said the superintendent to us, in a deprecating tone, and as if the admission was forced from him unwillingly. We assented cheerfully to the necessity of the case, and even offered no objection when informed that smoking was allowed in the kitchen! One very important fact came out in the course of our inquiries of the superintendent, and that was, that several large manufacturers had visited the house, and stated their intention of recommending their workmen to take notice of it. "I am glad to hear of it," said the superintendent, "for it is a most important fact in the history of the revolution in their domestic habits, the benefits of such establishments will be speedily recognized, and one of the most powerful levers will be put in motion towards elevating them in the social scale. It must be borne in mind, however, that the society's efforts have as yet been directed only to finding accommodation for single men, and to establishing one small lodging-house for women. The next experiment will be in building what we advocated in this Journal some time since, 'club chambers for the married.' We shall look forward to the progress of the new scheme with great interest, as its success—and we have no manner of doubt about the matter—will lead to changes so great as regards the comfort, respectability, and moral betterment of the working classes, as to be beyond all calculation. There has been enough talking about social improvement, in all conscience; but we have in these lodging-houses a 'doing' more effective than all the theorizing in the world would accomplish. We recommend those who doubt what we say, to go, see, and believe with their own eyes."

THE RHUBARB PLANT.

The fourteenth number of Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, contains an article on this subject which is calculated to alarm those who indulge in the pies and tarts made of this palatable plant. It seems that it furnishes the material of one of the most painful and dangerous of diseases to which the human system is subject, viz: Gravel.

The substance of the article is briefly this: The young stalks of rhubarb contain oxalic acid, and hard water contains lime; and consequently those who eat articles of food made of the plant, and drink such water, are introducing into their system the constituent ingredients of the mulberry calculus, which is an article of lime, and if they are dyspeptic, and unable to digest the acid, "are very likely indeed to incur the pain and the exceeding peril of a renal concretions of that kind." "The oxalate was found in three out of four after eating the rhubarb."

This, it must be admitted, is rather startling. The mulberry calculus is the most painful form of the concretions of the kidneys and bladder, and is generally considered a very wholesome article of diet. If the danger of using it is as great as is represented in the Retrospect, it should be universally known. Indeed, there would seem to be reason to infer that the plant is not confined to those who use limestone water, for the acid will probably combine with other bases as well as with lime. The plant is very common, and is just large enough to contain a French bed, a box for clothes, and a little table beside them. These apartments are in fact boxes, open at the top for the sake of ventilation. There are four floors fitted up precisely in the same manner, and on each floor is a room furnished with zinc wash-hand stands, and a plentiful supply of water from the main. Water-closets are also distributed on the different floors, and the whole is lighted by gas. Such are the accommodations which, by means of association can be offered for (fourpence a night)—soap, and two towels included—for any individual who chooses to apply for them. And now, a word or two about the class of inmates who seek the comforts of the new model lodging-house. On our entering the coffee-room, we were not a little surprised to find several individuals of most respectable appearance. One who had been a gentleman was eating his dinner, another was reading a newspaper, and as we approached, feeling, perhaps, that with the place, he was being made a show of, he gave the paper a shake, and hemmed in a manner to show his perfect independence. There was something in the action which made us ashamed almost of our intrusion. The general appearance of the inmates, notwithstanding, was such as to lead us to remark, that the general superintendent of the society's lodgings, Mr. Morrison, that we feared a class of individuals were availing themselves of the accommodations who could afford to go elsewhere. His answer revealed, however, that it was not so—that many of the individuals who lodged in the house, after paying their rent, had scarcely a farthing left in the world; and that respectability of which we had seen always the last feature which those who had been seen better days struggled to maintain. He admitted the fact, however, that a much better class of lodgers frequented this model house than is to be found at Charles Street, the first establishment opened by the society, and which, as a study of the working of the new system is much more interesting than the model house, which, from having been opened so short a time, is scarcely yet in working order. The Charles Street lodging-house is much less complete as an establishment than the model house, of course; having been originally three old houses, and only adapted to the required purpose: the charge is less by fourpence a week also; but in respect of cleanliness it is faultless, and the arrangements are as near those of the new house as the nature of the old building would allow of. Eighty persons are accommodated here, and it has been tall almost from the first week it was opened. An establishment of the common sitting-room affords a picture most interesting to the social economist; every grade of society, from the ruined gentleman to the costermonger, and the street-performer, are to be found living harmoniously together. In one corner of the coffee-room you will see an artist painting pictures which he pawns for his livelihood; in another, a street pedlar is arranging his goods for the day's tramp; in a third, a more quiet, gentlemanly-looking man is reading one of the library books, of which there are, we hear, four hundred and fifty volumes. As might have been expected, the tone of the more respectable portion of the lodgers exercises a most beneficial influence over the others, elevating them after a time to his own standard. As an instance of this, we were told that, at his first entrance, the costermonger astonished the coffee-room by his slang and bad language. The better class inmates at once "sent him to Coventry;" and this moral punishment had such an effect, that he gradually left off his oaths and curses, and one morning remarked to Mr. Morrison, "that he did not know how it was, but that he never wished to make use of bad language any more." Having a desire to learn, some of the inmates taught him to read and write; and at this present moment he cannot be restrained from writing and cyphering over the walls, whenever he has an opportunity of exercising his skill. His new found education has disgusted him with costermongering; and who knows but that he might turn out somebody yet. Some of the more intelligent inmates lecture to the others on anatomy and

From the Hingham Patriot.

TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

There is a little girl, of six years of age, a daughter of Mr. David Thomas, who lives on the borders of the pond, which supplies water for the Furnace Works, at Wear River, who has a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought to be unmanageable. For a year or two past, the little girl has been in the habit of playing about the pond, and throwing crumbs into the water for the fishes. By degrees, and in just large enough to contain a French bed, a box for clothes, and a little table beside them. These apartments are in fact boxes, open at the top for the sake of ventilation. There are four floors fitted up precisely in the same manner, and on each floor is a room furnished with zinc wash-hand stands, and a plentiful supply of water from the main. Water-closets are also distributed on the different floors, and the whole is lighted by gas. Such are the accommodations which, by means of association can be offered for (fourpence a night)—soap, and two towels included—for any individual who chooses to apply for them. And now, a word or two about the class of inmates who seek the comforts of the new model lodging-house. On our entering the coffee-room, we were not a little surprised to find several individuals of most respectable appearance. One who had been a gentleman was eating his dinner, another was reading a newspaper, and as we approached, feeling, perhaps, that with the place, he was being made a show of, he gave the paper a shake, and hemmed in a manner to show his perfect independence. There was something in the action which made us ashamed almost of our intrusion. The general appearance of the inmates, notwithstanding, was such as to lead us to remark, that the general superintendent of the society's lodgings, Mr. Morrison, that we feared a class of individuals were availing themselves of the accommodations who could afford to go elsewhere. His answer revealed, however, that it was not so—that many of the individuals who lodged in the house, after paying their rent, had scarcely a farthing left in the world; and that respectability of which we had seen always the last feature which those who had been seen better days struggled to maintain. He admitted the fact, however, that a much better class of lodgers frequented this model house than is to be found at Charles Street, the first establishment opened by the society, and which, as a study of the working of the new system is much more interesting than the model house, which, from having been opened so short a time, is scarcely yet in working order. The Charles Street lodging-house is much less complete as an establishment than the model house, of course; having been originally three old houses, and only adapted to the required purpose: the charge is less by fourpence a week also; but in respect of cleanliness it is faultless, and the arrangements are as near those of the new house as the nature of the old building would allow of. Eighty persons are accommodated here, and it has been tall almost from the first week it was opened. An establishment of the common sitting-room affords a picture most interesting to the social economist; every grade of society, from the ruined gentleman to the costermonger, and the street-performer, are to be found living harmoniously together. In one corner of the coffee-room you will see an artist painting pictures which he pawns for his livelihood; in another, a street pedlar is arranging his goods for the day's tramp; in a third, a more quiet, gentlemanly-looking man is reading one of the library books, of which there are, we hear, four hundred and fifty volumes. As might have been expected, the tone of the more respectable portion of the lodgers exercises a most beneficial influence over the others, elevating them after a time to his own standard. As an instance of this, we were told that, at his first entrance, the costermonger astonished the coffee-room by his slang and bad language. The better class inmates at once "sent him to Coventry;" and this moral punishment had such an effect, that he gradually left off his oaths and curses, and one morning remarked to Mr. Morrison, "that he did not know how it was, but that he never wished to make use of bad language any more." Having a desire to learn, some of the inmates taught him to read and write; and at this present moment he cannot be restrained from writing and cyphering over the walls, whenever he has an opportunity of exercising his skill. His new found education has disgusted him with costermongering; and who knows but that he might turn out somebody yet. Some of the more intelligent inmates lecture to the others on anatomy and

From Tarsball's Genius of Scotland.

A large number of people have gone into the grave-yard connected with the church. Some are seated on the old fat tombstones, others on the green sward, dotted with the graves of the poor. The old man, with a long white beard, and a broad bonnet, looks like one of the old Covenanters. The old lady, evidently his wife, wears a sort of hooded cloak, from which peeps forth a nicely plaited cap of lace, which wonderfully sets off her demure but agreeable features. These young people around them are evidently his children and grandchildren. How contented they look! Let us draw near, and hear the conversation.

"Why, grandfather," says one of the younger ladies, "don't you think 'auld Covenanters' were rather sour kind o' bodies?"

"Sour!" replies the old man, "they had enough to mak' them sour. Hunted from mountain to mountain, like wild beasts, it's nae wonder if they felt wae! 'a' time, or that they let human passion gain a moment's ascendancy. But they were gude men for a' that. They were the chosen o' God, and wrestled hard against principalities and powers, against the rulers o' the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Reading their lives, I've often thought, 'that they had been kind o' inspired.' Like the auld prophets and seers, they were very zealous for the Lord God, and endured cheerfully mair distress and tribulation than we can well imagine."

"Weel, weel!" says one of the girls, "I wish

they had been a wee bit gentler in their ways, and mair charitable to their enemies."

"Ah, Nancy," is the quick reply of the old man, "ye ken but little about it. A fine thing it is for us, sitting here in this peaceful kirkyard wi' nae to molest us or mak' us afraid, to talk about gentleness and charity. But the auld Covenanters had to encounter fire and steel. They were hunted over mair hills, in poverty and sorrow, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. But O, my bairns! they loved and served the Lord! They endured as seeing him who is invisible; and when they cam' to see, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name. Nae doot, some of them were carnal men, and others o' them had great imperfections. But the mass of them were unco holy men, men o' prayer, men o' faith, aye, and men of charity, of whom the world was not worthy."

This answer silences all objections. But the bell from the old church-tower begins to toll. "Slowly the throne moves o'er the tomb-paved ground, The aged man, the bowed down, the blind Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased; These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach The house of God—these, spite of all their ills, A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise To enter the gates of the Father's house, Open the man of God, worthily the name, Upon the book, and reverentially The stated portion reads."

THE FIRST WHITE MAN IN PROVIDENCE.—In the town of Cranston, (Rhode Island,) about three miles from the city of Providence, is a grave-stone with the following inscription:

Here lies the Body of Joseph Williams, Esq., Son of Roger Williams, Esq., who was the First White man that Came to Providence, he was born 1644, he died on 17, 1724 in the 81st year of his age.

In King Philip's War he courageously went through.

And the native Indians he bravely did subdue; And now he's gone down to the grave, and he will be no more.

Until a pious Almighty God his body to restore, Into some proper shape as he thinks fit to be, Perhaps like a Grain of Wheat as Paul sets forth

Corinthians, 1st Book, 15th chap. 37v.

From Newman's History of Insects.

INSECT SLAVERY.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and to employ them to labour for the benefit of the colony, thus using them completely as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale coloured ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This insect slave is specially provided for; for the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear doomed, still, even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed or are departing.

When the ants are about to sail forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their findings. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals who constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony, they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about, as aware of the proximity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement, and the foremost of the invaders rush impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes rally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the invaders. The victors then proceed to the habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a working negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valour of its natural guardians. The red ants then retire to their nests, and the negro pupae, which they have thus obtained, are reared to maturity. On reaching the nest, the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvae, take the pupae into the sunshine, and perform every office which the interests of the colony require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.

THE DUKES OF SUTHERLAND AND MARQUIS OF STAFFORD are about to visit the west coast of Sutherland, cruising in the Marquis's fine yacht, "Undine."

REMARKABLE FACT.—An experienced farmer lately stated to us the remarkable fact, that on each of the years on which the potato crop has failed, he and all his neighbours had the greatest difficulty in gathering the butter from the top of the milk after churning. They could only do so by means of a search applied to the upper portion of the contents of the churn. This season has happily brought back their old experience of the butter collecting easily in pieces by the churning process, and so being quite readily gathered by the hand. This farmer supposes that the state of the atmosphere affecting the milk was that which affected the potatoes, and that this year they are in all probability safe.

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EXTRACT of a letter from Mandal, Province of Christian sand, (Norway) June 12: "In demolishing the old church of the village of Aa, in the district of Lyngdal, a tomb was discovered containing two oaken coffins, which were opened. In one of them, which was very large, were found two skeletons, of which one was a man's, and the other a woman's; between them was a pile of knotty rods. Upon the cover of the coffin was a small plate of copper bearing the following inscription: 'Within this coffin lay a man and woman who lived in concubinage, and who, in punishment of this crime, were beaten to death, (14th October, 1404).'

A DRAWING-ROOM NOVELTY.—An article of elegant drawing-room furniture, perfectly new of its kind, is at present exhibiting in the Hanover square Concert Room. It is a large and handsome mantelpiece or stove, entirely manufactured (except the grate) of papier maché, picked out with mother-of-shell material. The smoothness and polish of the chief prismatic colours of the shell-work diversifying its surface. This contrivance (valued at a high price) is entirely the work of the hands, unassisted by machinery, and forms part of a large assortment of "Ingliston" furniture, supplied by the papier maché manufactory of Mr. Torley, of Birmingham.

THE GRAND TURK'S TESTOTOTALISM.—In a communication dated Constantinople, July 22, by the correspondent of the Morning Herald, it is written: "The health of the Sultan having much declined these last few days, it is now officially announced that his projected tour through the country to Smyrna to enjoy the robust constitution of his father. It is supposed a little wine would do him good, but he is too devout a Mussulman to touch anything stronger than water."

THE RACE NOT FOR THE SWIFT BUT THE LOVING.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without obtaining her parents' consent; wherefore if one bears an affection for a maid, upon the breaking appointed for her friends, the fashion is that a day is run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outruns her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the virgin to have an affection for him, though at first run, but to have to try the truth of his love, she will pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt. Before she comes to the mark or end of the race, she is compelled to marry against her will, and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced marriages make feigned love and real unhappiness.—Faulkner's Worthies.

TEN HOURS' BILL.—REDUCTION OF WAGES.—The first of July being the day appointed for the commencing with the new Factory Bill, our opinion has been fully realized by a diminution of wages to the operatives in Glasgow, and the whole of the various factories by the mill owners of the effect that time must be abridged, and that the less money now to be paid in wages will be no compensation for the loss proprietors will sustain by the stoppage of the mills, when other expenses are going on. The law has been enacted with the

avowed intention of benefiting factory workers, who, if not all petitioning for it, did nothing to oppose it, thereby casting the idea of not being unfavourably disposed towards its operation, although whose interests would be most prejudicially affected by the general remonstrances of employers, in regard to this city as a most unsatisfactory one, even by the operatives themselves, and for whose benefit it was said, according to our information, the Glasgow fair, it is according to our information, the intention of several of the mill-owners still further to reduce the working hours to ten per day, with anticipating the provisions of the new law by the usual months; but the unfortunate part of the business is, that this abridgement of the hours of labour will be accompanied by a reduction of the weekly wages of the operative at least a sixth part. This will be particularly trying at a time like the present, when provisions are still high in price.—Glasgow Herald.

A correspondent of the Hereford Times states, that at the present day, Wesley's descendants are all churchmen.

We understand that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of the Rev. A. Campbell, of Virginia, U. S. at the instance of the Rev. James Robertson, of Edinburgh, for alleged libellous matter uttered by the former against the latter.—Glasgow News.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—We learn from the latest advices, that the slave trade on the west coast of Africa is as brisk as ever; that 1325 slaves had been landed from slave-vessels at Sierra Leone from May 1 to June 28 of this year, and that the last slave taken was a Brazilian brig, although, for deception, taken as the Buelah of Portland, U. S.; she was sent in by the Waterwitch, Captain Birch, in charge of Mr. M'Lure; this vessel had 510 slaves on board, and was fallen in with on June 10, lat. 2.27 S. long. 4.30 E.